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FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, Oct. 17.

A sensation has been caused in commercial circles owing to Kynoch, Limited, adopting the metric system for weights and measurements, sterling worked to four places of decimals being used as a unit in money calculations.

Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, chairman of Kynoch's, says, he supposes the metric system will be some day compulsory. "We are merely anticipating. We reduce the cost of calculations and facilitate the export trade."

The American Government has ordered four powerful armoured cruisers to join the squadron in the Far East for more effective protection of American interests.

It is announced at Vancouver that the Dominion Government will introduce legislation next session to restrict the immigration of Indians, of whom 1,460 have arrived in British Columbia since 1st January last.

London, Oct. 18.

Anti French agitation in Morocco continues unabated.

General Lianey, Commanding in Algeria, telegraphs that a Holy War is preparing and that the tribes have chosen a point of concentration on the Wady Shir.

The Sultan's cousin, Mulai, has visited them and induced them to suspend intestine quarrels in view of taking the field.

The growing cordiality between France and England has revived the talk of the Channel Tunnel scheme. The Chief Engineer of the French Northern Railway on the departure of the Lord Mayor delivered an address at the station dwelling upon the utility of the execution of the scheme to commerce.

The mistrust which stopped the scheme had, he said, disappeared.

London, Oct. 19.

Sir Edward Grey writing to the Newcastle Chamber of Commerce said that it appeared that the change involved in the Chinese Customs edict was not only in form but also in substance. Government would take prompt action, and consider the question of securing the co-operation of other Powers in representations to China.

The Times says that the Birmingham gun trade is protesting strongly against the Indian Government's further restriction on the importation of arms. They argue that the sporting rifles now prohibited are so expensive that illegitimate traffic in them is impossible.

Unpleasant revelations of the methods of the Metropolitan Police have been elicited by the Royal Commission, which has now resumed the hearing of evidence. A book maker stated that he had paid the Police £200 a year to save himself from being molested. The names of the officers who took the bribes have been handed in—*Empire Special*.

London, Oct. 20.

Reuter learns that Great Britain and Russia have agreed to jointly advance Persia £400,000 sterling of which each pays £100,000. Now the object is to meet the more pressing needs of Persia.

London, Oct. 11.

The Temps considers the agreement between Russia and Great Britain concerning secondary matters in Persia an excellent augury for the Anglo French (sic) friendship begun thus. Both Powers have an equal interest in maintaining order in Persia.

It is understood that the Anglo-Russians advance to Persia depends on certain conditions. It is believed the first moiety, namely £200,000 has not yet been paid.

London, Oct. 20.

The Times says that plague enquiry in India shows that the Government of India has not been unmindful of its responsibilities and is not sparing any effort to ascertain the causes of the pestilence.

London, Oct. 19.

A Chinese mission is going to visit Australia.

Mr. Beakin states that the object of the Mission is to report on the question of appointing Chinese Consuls in Australia.

Telegrams from Havana state that ninety-four natives and sixteen foreign residents were killed in the cyclone there. The cruiser Brooklyn was torn from her moorings and went ashore.

London, Oct. 20.

The American cruiser Brooklyn which went ashore in the cyclone at Havana has been refloated.

The cyclone has abated. The damage done amounts to two million dollars.

London, Oct. 21.

The Tsar has issued an important ukase of class to entitle all Russians without distinction of class to enter the Public service except Siberian Asiatic races.

The Tsar's ukase does not include Jews and Poles.

An imperial order issued simultaneously reminds the peasants of the severe penalties for refusing military service.

It repeals a number of vexatious peasants' laws. Peasants will henceforth be free to choose their place of residence, and will receive passports for unlimited periods.

London, Oct. 23.

In consideration of the Americans agreeing not to use purse seines the Newfoundlanders will refrain from fishing at night time, the night fishing being a fertile source of trouble through the men cutting each other's nets.

This compromise reduces possibility of friction to a minimum.

The Daily Chronicle in a message from Washington says the State department is somewhat exercised over a report of anti-American feeling in Japan.

It is understood that President Roosevelt has informed the Japanese Government that there is no anti-Japanese feeling whatever in the United States for the nationality concerned. The feeling in the Western States is altogether due to labour causes.

Thirty foreign attaches are attending the autumn manoeuvres of 30,000 troops in the vicinity of Chang-te-fa under Yuan-shi kai Tieklian. These troops are armed with modern weapons and have been drilled on foreign lines.

London, Oct. 22.

Mr. O'Connor is continuing his successful tour in America.

Speaking at Brooklyn he said that the day may come when the rulers of the English and Irish peoples who regard Mr. Roosevelt as their friend will be glad to find in him a mediator who will end long and lamentable estrangement between two peoples.

News from Algeria states that the first Foreign Regiment at Sidi-Belabbes has been ordered to hold itself in readiness to proceed south.

General Lianey, commanding the French forces in Algeria, has rejoined his post at Dinsefra.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The following editorial which appears in the pages of our esteemed sister publication, the "Makhzan-i-Mas'hibi," is so clear in its statements and so pertinent to the present situation in the Indian church that we venture to print it entire.

"Public Confession of Sins"

"In our editorial on "Gunah ka a'aniya iqrar" appearing Sept. 15th we did not succeed in making ourselves understood, and besides, since writing that, the Holy Spirit we believe has so taught and guided into truth that we could not now say all that we did at that time.

Our own state of mind convinces us of the necessity of observing great charity in judgment as we said then. Our argument was that the Word of God in a sense teaches public confession of sins, and that man therefore cannot set limits. It is in regard to the setting of limits that we have been led to think differently.

The extreme of disgusting details in the confession of horribly gross sins before audiences comprising all religious, both sexes and children with untainted minds was not contemplated when writing. We said, "Who can direct in such matters except the Holy Spirit?"

Now we would rather say "Who would dare to encourage such confession under such circumstances without the clearest, most indubitable conviction that it will be for the glory of God?" Our responsibility may be shifted by saying that one may not interfere with the Spirit-impelled actions of a brother, and another responsibility say less great assumed by saying that all interference is of the Devil. Such an attitude seems to us to be based on what may be and is likely to be a false assumption viz. that the brother who has been living in gross sin is now full of the Spirit of God; or at least is undoubtedly being led of the Spirit, and that one who objects to such proceedings is surely not so led, even though his life may furnish no grounds for such suspicion.

On the other hand who can object to a Spirit-filled man who prays for a message, giving the message which he believes God has given him. From the various reports of the Sialkot Convention, which had not appeared when we wrote before, it appears that this was a burning question there.

Those who seemed to be on opposite sides of it were brought to "practical agreement on the subject." This agreement was the fruit of prayer and conference. One who was present says the decision reached was "It is not our duty to preach public confession of sin, not to hinder it when the Spirit demands it," and another reporter says "The talk (of one member of the Committee) did good, for it had a tendency to prevent men confessing heinous sins in

a light, careless manner and emphasized the necessity of a true repentance for sin and not mere confession of it.

May the Spirit of Holiness have His way in convicting of sin and in humbling proud sinners. May God restrain every tendency to lightness or boastfulness in confession.

May black sins which have been "forgiven," "covered," "blotted out as a thick cloud," "cast behind my back," "into the sea," and "will be remembered no more" never, never be recalled, brought forth and displayed until there comes a definite special command from God.

May sinners be set free and Jesus be glorified!"

In our last week's paper we printed a letter from one who objected to our editorial on the "Negro Problem" and presented a quoted article which in his opinion manifested a better spirit than ours. We are very glad to receive such criticism; and yet, in the present instance, we must confess that we are honestly puzzled to understand what it was in our spirit that was distasteful to our critic. If he differs from us in our judgment as to the fitness of the Negro for citizenship in the United States, is not that a question of intellectual truth or error rather than one of "spirit." We said nothing that would imply a desire to keep the Negro in a state of ignorance, and far less in a state of bondage. What we do maintain is that the African race is unfitted by its psychological constitution for the task of self-government, and therefore has no right to claim privileges which endanger its welfare as well as that of those around it. We do not believe that it is inconsistent with the truest Christianity to hold that the different races of the world have been created for different duties and different privileges. Slavery was wrong because it gave to one man that authority which belongs to the state alone, the authority to control service, to direct the course of education, and to punish offenses without any power of redress or appeal on the part of the victim. God has given no man the right to own another man, but we believe that God has given the citizens of a country the right to so control any individual of their community as that his and their best interests shall be conserved, even if it must be done in such a way as to restrict the freedom of his actions in certain directions.

If it is true, as the senator from Georgia states, that the African population is increasing less rapidly than the American we may feel that God himself is solving the problem for two peoples that would otherwise be helpless; but meanwhile the citizens of the U. S. A. must take steps to prevent such scenes as are reported with such appalling frequency in the press of today. America was guilty of a terrible crime against humanity when she encouraged the enslaving of the Negro, and removed him from the environment in which God had placed him. She has received and is still receiving her punishment, but we believe that she

will be only adding to her guilt and therefore to her sorrows if she does not deal courageously and in a truly Christian way with the present situation. A man who would commit the folly of letting a child drive a pair of spirited horses down a steep mountain road would be innocent in comparison with a nation who would allow a childish section of its population to plunge it into misrule for any sentimental consideration. The Negro is a child, occasionally a bright and lovable one, gifted with the power to bring smiles and tears to the eyes of older peoples. This is when he sings through the lips of some poet like Dunbar or touches the heart even more deeply in the musical genius of a Coleridge Taylor. But alas! he is more frequently an irresponsible creature, easily led into mischief, and sometimes little more than a degenerate. God forgive America for her sin and teach her what she is to do with this unruly infant that she once wilfully took to an unfriendly breast, and now finds it impossible to lay down! She must teach him, but she dare not let him touch so as to mar the sacred beauty of her civic constitution, the very existence of which depends upon its being ministered to by men.

If this is an unchristian spirit, we desire further instruction.

FAITHFULNESS.

By EMMA G. DOWD.

What if thy plot in the garden of life
Is stony and poor and small!
What if it will not yield for thee
Roses and lilies tall!

Some lowly plant may bud and bloom
Under thy loving touch,
And "he that is faithful in that which is least
Is faithful also in much."

'Tis the plot the Gardener gave to thee;
Tend it with loyal care!
And in the wonderful harvest time
Who knows what it may bear?

If only one fair, immortal fruit
Perfects beneath thy touch—
"He that is faithful in that which is least
Is faithful also in much."

Lao-tze, contemporary with Confucius, taught Taoism, a mystical religion but partially understood even by its followers. It fosters superstition, and encourages the worship of evil spirits.

The prevailing Chinese religion is a compound of Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism. Many temples are found in which images of the three teachers sit side by side.

ONE THING AT A TIME.

It is by no means impossible for an individual to be successful along several different lines. A man may combine in his own person qualifications for two distinct professions. Dante Gabriel Rossetti was a famous artist and a gifted poet, as eminent in one branch of art as in the other, and in both he showed creative skill. We have in our own country instances of men who can creditably paint pictures, build bridges and lighthouses, and write sketches and stories; of physicians who are equally at home in the sick room and at the author's desk; and of clergymen who can both preach sermons and wield the plane and saw. Very often it is a pleasure to turn from one sort of work to another. The laying down of one set of tools and the taking up of another eases both brain and hand.

Still, there is a little lurking danger in too much versatility. There is always the temptation to let one task intrude upon another. Whoever would make his mark and arrive at distinction in a profession must say, "This one thing I do." While doing the single thing it is imperative that there be concentration of thought and energy and that there be no scattering of attention or wayward wandering fancies. Numbers of people do a half-dozen things respectably, but do no single thing superlatively. In order to reach the highest point we must make sure of knowing and doing something absolutely well, so well that it may be trusted without fear in our hands. Having reached excellence in our chosen line, we may undertake whatever recreative tasks and side issues we choose. They are not for the serious ends of life, but rather for pleasure and pastime.

Dr. William R. Richards, writing on this subject in one of its phases, gives a very happy illustration. He says, "Forgetting the things behind, and reaching forth to the things before." It is the figure of a racer, running for a prize. Three or four years ago, over twenty thousand excited people watched a lad running full speed the length of a field. The papers the next morning were full of his praises, because he had made this great run successfully. Reading the accounts, I found myself curious to know how the boy himself felt when he was doing it; and meeting him some months later, I asked how he had felt, or whether he could remember how he felt, when he was making that famous run. He told me he remembered very distinctly; he said that the only sound he was conscious of while he was running down the field—where really those twenty thousand excited people were filling the air with indescribable clamor—the only sound this boy was conscious of was the quick footsteps of the runner behind him, who was trying to overtake him. He said this impulse was almost irresistible, to turn his head and see whether this other man was gaining; but then the thought flashed



through his mind of another race, ran a few months earlier in England, where the leader did glance over his shoulder, and it lost him the race; and so my friend had kept his face straight forward and won. . . . A runner running to win a close race must not waste time looking back over his shoulder."

This anecdote emphasizes the truth that in making progress to other goals besides that of the runner, it is unwise to waste time in looking back, even for an instant. Do not lament the mistakes you made yesterday. To-day is yours. Fill it to the fullest measure of its capacity and yours, with honest endeavor. If yesterday you missed an opportunity, shed no needless tears, but cheerily avail yourself of the opportunity you now have.

Some of us spend golden time in talking about what we hope to accomplish, in walking around imaginary circles, and building beautiful castles in the air. Meanwhile, the hours are slipping by and the real thing we might do is never done.

Even if the task in hand is irksome and not particularly agreeable, if it be our plain duty, and if we have undertaken it in good faith, let us devote to its accomplishment all that is in us of resolution and efficiency. When we have finished a day's work let us drop it completely, spend no time in vain regrets, but give our attention to something else.

"That house was built by days' work," a man said, surveying with pride a mansion in which every timber, every stone, every floor and wall and cornice had been faithfully and conscientiously completed by good workmen who wrought steadily, without hurry and without fuss, but without loss of time. If our building of life is finished by such days' work, the great Master Builder will say to us at last, "Well done."

We are at fault if we compare our work with that of a friend or classmate. If the boy in the race had so much as glanced backward, his race would have been lost. Many a race is lost through the discouragements that come from comparison. "I shall never do anything worth looking at, and so I will do nothing at all," is the decision of one who forgets that each has assigned to him or her the individual task and that no one is accountable for results, while everyone is accountable for fidelity. We are not responsible for any row in the garden but our own. Our corner of the vineyard is ours to till, not our neighbor's. It is required of us only to do one thing at a time, to fill life with loving service, and to answer for ourselves.

Buddhism was introduced into China in the first Christian century, with great success. It teaches the transmigration of souls; and the certainty of future rewards and punishments through rebirth into better or worse circumstances.

REALITIES.

Before James Gilmour started on his mission to Mongolia, he wrote often to a friend about the feelings and principles which led him to give his life to missionary work. The letters, coming, as they do, from a young man fully alive to all the good things of this world, brilliant, fun-loving, and naturally ambitious, show how strong a hold the love of Christ can have on such a life. In one of them, quoted below, Gilmour tells what, to him, are the great realities.

"I have been thinking lately over some of the inducements we have to live for Christ, and to confess him and preach him before men, not conferring with flesh and blood. Why should we be trammelled by the opinions and customs of men? Why should we care what men say of us? Salvation and damnation are realities, Christ is a reality, eternity is a reality, and we shall soon be there in reality, and time shall soon be finished, and from our stand in eternity we shall look back on what we did in time, and what shall we think of it? Shall we be able to understand why we were afraid to speak to this man or that woman about salvation? Shall we be able to understand how we were ashamed to do what we knew was a Christian duty before one whom we knew to be a mocker at religion? Our cowardice shall seem small to us then. Let us now measure our actions by the standard of that scene, let us now look upon the things of time in the light of eternity, and we shall see them better as they are, and live more as we shall wish then we had done. It is not too late. We can secure yet what remains of our life. The present still is ours. Let us use it. It may be that we can't be great, let us be good; if we can't shine as great lights, let us make our light shine as God has made it to shine. Let us live lives as in the presence of Christ, anxious for his approval, and glad to take the condemnation of the world, and of Christ's professed servants even, if we get the commendation of angels and our Master. 'The well done!' is to the faithful servant—to the faithful, not the great. Let us watch and pray that we may be faithful. It is a little hard to be this, and to care little for man."

This letter was written at the beginning of his career. At its close, he could look back, and feel that the "well done!" might be his, indeed.

"Wherever the search after truth begins, there life begins. Wherever that search ceases, life ceases," says Ruskin. Truth may be found, indeed, but never in such wise as to end the search. It is a continuous revelation, and each day the soul that is seeking it will find it in some new form and place—in nature, in the written word, in the heart of man—and by the finding and transmitting into action shall know itself a living and growing soul.

JAMES GILMOUR.

This earnest missionary worker was born near Glasgow, Scotland, in 1843. His parents were well-to-do people; his talents won him prizes and honours throughout his school and university life; his numerous friends predicted for him a brilliant career if he would remain in Scotland; yet nothing would turn him from a determination, formed while he was at college, to become a missionary. Mongolia was the field to which the London Missionary Society chose to send him. A mission which had been established there in 1817, had been suppressed by the Russian Emperor in 1841. Gilmour consecrated his life to reopening and developing this mission.

The Mongolian language is difficult to acquire. For two years Gilmour traveled about his vast parish, physically uncomfortable from the nature of the country, and mentally distressed because of his imperfect knowledge of the language and the discouragements of trying to learn it. At the end of that time he was ready for definite word. He began immediately translating the Bible and catechism into the Mongolian language, at the same time preaching and teaching wherever he had opportunity. One of his fixed principles was, "Do something, and never let the work stop simply because you cannot do what is ideally the best." Discovering the great need of medical knowledge in that country, he set about learning what he could of medicine. Many times this knowledge was useful to him, as he traveled among his people, far from any chance of a doctor's care. In 1874 he was married to an English woman, who, from that time on, as far as was possible, traveled with him. But the nomadic life and much exposure were too much for her health, and in 1882, she and Mr. Gilmour returned to England on furlough. During the furlough, he prepared the volume, *Among the Mongols*, one of the most fascinating books in missionary literature. Its success was so great that he was urged to devote his life to literature; but his heart was in his own work. His next journey among the Mongols was made on foot. Any person he met, from the wealthy mandarin to the professional beggar, became at once a part of his congregation. In 1885, because Eastern Mongolia was a hard field no one else would undertake, he began a missionary enterprise there. It proved his last. After six years of constant work, he fell ill, and died in 1891, expressing the conviction that China needs "good, honest, quiet, earnest, persistent work in old lines and ways."

Robert Browning relates that, shortly after the murder of the Emperor Paul of Russia, the father of the Poet Tennyson was dining with Lord St. Helens, who was then the British Ambassador at Moscow. The rest of the story we quote:

"At table were several Russian officers of high rank whose names he did not know. During the meal a guarded reference was made to the death of the Czar. 'Why do you speak so gingerly about a matter so notorious?' cried Tennyson, impulsively, leaning across his neighbor, a Russian, who wore a profusion of orders. 'We know very well in England that the Emperor Paul was murdered. Count Zoff knocked him down, and Benningsen and Count Pahlen strangled him.' There was a moment of strained silence, then the ambassador abruptly changed the subject. As the guests were leaving the table he contrived to whisper to Tennyson: 'Don't go into the next room, but fly for your life. The man next you, across whose breast you leaned, was Count Pahlen, and Zoff was also at the table.' Needless to say, the advice was taken. Tennyson flung his clothes into a portmanteau, and fled behind fast horses to Odessa. Here, after he had lain in hiding for weeks, he was smuggled, in the disguise of a servant, on board an English vessel."

SEEING ONLY WHAT WE WILL.

Whether or not we learn the lesson of life's experiences depends upon ourselves, not upon the experiences.

"The plague is raging in Muktsar," writes Dr. F. J. Newton, of Jullundur, India, regarding this terrible disease. "The death rate was daily increasing when I was there. So it is here, too. Funeral processions pass out of the gates daily in rapid succession. All day and every day there is the voice of mourning from every part of the city. The plague strikes suddenly and carries off its victims almost to a certainty, for few recover. And no man knows when his turn may come, for there is no manner of warning, and health and physical strength are no protection. Yet I can see no signs of seriousness, though all are alarmed. Their motto seems to be, 'Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we shall die.'"

If the ordinary events of life do not make us wise, it is not likely that we shall learn wisdom from the extraordinary event. It is the parable of Dives and Lazarus, Abraham refused to send any angelic messengers back to Dives' brethren on the ground that if they would not hear the lesson of the prophets, which had been spoken to them, they would not believe even if some one should come to them from the dead.

Sometimes we wish Jesus would come back into the world and work miracles, thinking that if he would do this, everyone would believe. But this is a great mistake. Everyone did not believe, who saw his miracles when he was on the earth. They found some other explanation of them, and men would be the same to-day.

Men will see in life and its experiences only what they are willing to see. If they are willing to see the hand of God summoning them to obey and serve him, they will do so. If they are not willing, they will not see it.

A CURE FOR LOW SPIRITS.

Take one ounce of the seeds of resolution, properly mixed with the oil of good conscience. Infuse into it a large spoonful of salts of patience; distil very gently a composing plant called "Others' Woes," which you will find in every part of the Garden of Life growing under the broad leaves of disguise. Gather a handful of the blossoms of hope; then sweeten them properly with a syrup made of balm of providence, and if you can get any seeds of true friendship you will have the most valuable medicine that can be administered. But you must be careful that you get the right seed of true friendship, as there is a seed which very much resembles it, called self-interest, which will spoil the whole composition. Make the ingredients up into pills, which may be called pills of comfort. Take one night and morning, and in a short time the cure will be complete.

—*Peoples Friend Almanac.*

A BLANK LIFE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES T. WHITE

We shall call him Philip Northranger, though his real name was spelled with different letters. He lived, many years ago, in a quiet New England village, and was the last surviving descendant of Jacob Northranger, an early settler of the town, thus inheriting large wealth, and an honoured name. "That's the Northranger place," some one would say to the stranger, who happened to be passing a few days in Norbay, and some one's finger would point to a remodeled colonial mansion, half-hidden behind a screen of flowering locusts. The stranger was quite likely to say something, in turn, about the well-kept grounds, and thus the conversation would drift, almost invariably, to the present owner.

Philip Northranger was not in any sense a public-spirited man. No plan for the improvement of the town ever interested him in the least. No plea of charity; however pathetic the details of distress or poverty, was ever known to draw a penny from his pocket. Seven churches had been built, or rebuilt, in Norbay during his lifetime, but, though leading citizens subscribed liberally, regardless of creed, Philip Northranger's name did not appear upon any of the subscription papers. As a gentleman of leisure, he never added to his wealth by earnings of his own, and he was shy of what others called safe investments. He simply kept what had fallen to him, spending it freely for his own comfort and enjoyment, and died finally, leaving the bulk of his estate to a distant relative.

It is strange that the desire to be remembered should linger in a nature so essentially sordid and selfish, but so it was. By the terms of Philip Northranger's will a considerable sum of money was placed at the disposal of the editor of the village paper, with instructions to prepare and issue his biography. The work was conscientiously undertaken, but, when the first rough draft of the book was prepared, it was found that it contained scarcely a casual reference to Philip Northranger himself.

"There's really nothing to say," confessed the editor, when his attention was called to the fact. "When you've given an account of his ancestry, you're well on with the last chapter."

If we are to trust the traditions of the town, the book when it came from the press, was a strange one, indeed. Opposite the title-page was a steel portrait of Philip Northranger with a fac-simile of his autograph. The first page of the book recorded the date of his birth, the last, recorded his death. The rest of the book was a blank of expensive plate paper, and the binding was elaborate and costly.

Some, it is said, protested against this wordless satire, but by most of the townspeople, who were familiar with Philip Northranger's manner of life, it was regarded as an act of simple justice. With a position which might have given him large influence, and with wealth which opened to him countless avenues of helpfulness to the less fortunate, he had been selfishly content to do nothing. His life was a vast blank of unproductive years. Every line of his unwritten biography was literally true. A line added would have been falsehood, or, at best, the borrowed virtues of an illustrious ancestry. He was born, and died, but between these extremes—nothing. No one was the better for his living in the world, no one was made the poorer by his leaving it.

Let us beware of living blank lives. It is not enough that your life or mine be free from evil. It ought to count for something.

The unprofitable servant of our Lord's parable was not bad, bad man by the commonly-accepted standards of badness. If he had been, he would have squandered the one talent at the bar or the gaming table, instead of laying it up in a safe place against his master's return. The "foolish virgins" of another parable were only foolish. It was what they didn't do, which left them in the darkness outside, while within, the feast went on merrily. The teaching of Jesus has a good deal to say about the "do-nothings." To have our life represented by a blank page in the book of the recording angel is a serious matter.

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